

The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida from Mr.
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The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene; From Iles of Greece
The Princes Origillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris Sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepedrawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams sixgated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with massie Staples
And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectaton tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,

Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
 A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
 In like conditions, as our Argument;
 To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
 Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
 Beginning in the middle. Starting thence away,
 To What may be digested in a Play:
 Like or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

rem

remTroylus.

*C*All here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.

Why should I warre without the wals of Troy

That finde such cruell battell here within?

Each Troian that is matter of his heart,

Let him to field, Troylus alas hath none.

rem

remPan.

Will this geere nere be mended?

rem

remTroy.

The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:

But I am weaker then a womans teare;

Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;

Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,

And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

rem

remPan.

Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the grinding.

rem

remTroy.

Haue I not tarried?

rem

remPan.

I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

rem

remTroy.

Haue I not tarried?

rem

remPan.

I the boulting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.

rem

remTroy.

Still haue I tarried.

rem

remPan.

I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

rem

remTroy.

Patience her selfe, what Goddesses ere she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe:

At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;

And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts,

So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

rem

remPan.

Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,

Or any woman else.

rem

remTroy.

I was about to tell thee, when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would riue in twaine,

Least Hector, or my Father should perceiue me:

I haue (as when the Sunne doth light ascorne)

Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,

Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

rem

remPan.

And her haire were not somewhat darker then Helens, Well go too, there were no more comparison betweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold somebody had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but

rem

remTroy.

*Oh Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus;
 When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
 Reply not inhow many Fadomes deepe
 They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In Cressids loue. Thou answer'st she is Faire,
 Powr'st in the open Vlcer of my heart,
 Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate her Voice,
 Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
 (In whose comparision, all whites are Inke)
 Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,
 The Cignits Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense
 Hard as the palme of Ploughman. This thou tel'st me;
 As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her
 But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,
 Thou lai'st in euery gash that loue hath giuen me,
 The Knife that made it.*

rem

remPan.

I speake no more then truth.

rem

remTroy.

Thou do'st not speake so much.

rem

remPan.

*Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is if she be faire, 'tis the better for her:
 and she be not, she ha's the mends in her owne hands.*

rem

remTroy.

Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?

rem

remPan.

*I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of
 you: Gone betweene and betweene, but small thankes for my labour.*

rem

remTroy.

What art thou angry Pandarus? what with me?

rem

remPan.

*Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not so faire as Helen, and she were not
 kin to me, she would be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care
 I? I care not and she were a BlackaMoore, 'tis all one to me.*

rem

remTroy.

Say I she is not faire?

rem

remTroy.

*I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to stay behinde her Father:
Let her to the Greeks, and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile
meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.*

rem

remTroy.

Pandarus?

rem

remPan.

Not I.

rem

remTroy.

Sweete Pandarus.

rem

remPan.

Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pand.

Sound Alarum.

rem

remTro.

*Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, Helen must needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:
It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,
But Pandarus: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.
Tell me Appollo for thy Daphnes Loue
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where shee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling Pandar,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.*

Alarum.

Enter neas.

rem

remne.

How now Prince Troylus?

Wherefore not a field?

rem

remTroy.

Because not there; this womans answer sorts.

For womanish it is to from thence:

What newes neas from the field to day?

rem

remne.

That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

rem

remTroy.

By whom neas?

rem

remne.

Troylus by Menelaus.

rem

remTroy.

Let Paris bleed 'tis but a scar to scorne,

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus horne.

Alarum.

rem

remne.

Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

rem

remTroy.

Better at home, if would I might were may:

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

rem

remne.

In all swift hast.

rem

remTroy.

Come goe wee then together.

Exeunt.

Enter Cressid and her man.

rem

remCre.

Who were those went by?

rem

remMan.

Queene Hecuba Hellen.

rem

remCre.

And whether go they?

rem

remMan.

Vp to the Easterne Tower,

Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,

To see the battell: Hector whose pacience,

Is as a Vertue fixt to day was mou'd:

He chides Andromache and stroke his Armorer,

And like as there were husbandry in Warre

Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,

And to the field goe's he; where euery flower

Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsoe,

In Hectors wrath.

rem

remCre.

What was his cause of anger?

rem

remMan.

The noise goe's this;

There is among the Greekes,

A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to Hector,

They call him Ajax.

rem

remCre.

Good; and what of him?

rem

remMan.

They say he is a very man per se and stands alone.

rem

remCre.

So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or haue no legges.

rem

remMan.

This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie Briareus, many hands and no vse; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

rem

remCre.

But how should this man that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

rem

remMan.

*They say he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdaind
& shame where of, hath euer since kept Hector fasting and waking.*

Enter Pandarus.

rem

remCre.

Who comes here?

rem

remMan.

Madam your Vncle Pandarus.

rem

remCre.

Hectors a gallant man.

rem

remMan.

As may be in the world Lady.

rem

remPan.

What's that? what's that?

rem

remCre.

Good morrow Vncle Pandarus.

rem

remPan.

*Good morrow Cozen Cressid: what do you talke of? good morrow Alexander: how
do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?*

rem

remCre.

This morning Vncle.

rem

remPan.

*What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gon ere yea came
to Illium? Hellen was not vp? was she?*

rem

remCre.

Hector was gone but Hellen was not vp?

rem

remPan.

E'ene so; Hector was stirring early.

rem

remCre.

That were we talking of and of his anger.

rem

remPan.

Was he angry?

rem

remCre.

So he faies here.

rem

remPan.

True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troylus will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of Troylus; I can sell them that too.

rem

remCre.

What is he angry too?

rem

remPan.

Who Troylus?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

rem

remCre.

Oh Iupiter; there's no comparison.

rem

remPan.

What not betweene Troylus and Hector? do you know a man if you see him?

rem

remCre.

I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

rem

remPan.

Well I say Troylus is Troylus.

rem

remCre.

Then you say as I say,

For I am sure he is not Hector.

rem

remPan.

No not Hector is not Troylus in some degrees.

rem

remCre.

'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

rem

remPan.

Himselfe? alas poore Troylus I would he were.

rem

remCre.

So he is.

rem

remPan.

Condition I had gone barefoote to India.

rem

remCre.

He is not Hector.

rem

remPan.

Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end: well Troylus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, Hector is not abetter man then Troylus.

rem

remCre.

Excuse me.

rem

remPan.

He is elder.

rem

remCre.

Pardon me, pardon me.

rem

remPan.

Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: Hector shall not haue his will this yeare.

rem

remCre.

He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

rem

remPan.

Nor his qualities.

rem

remCre.

No matter.

rem

remPan.

Nor his beautie.

rem

remCre.

'Twould not become him, his own's better.

rem

remPan.

You haue no iudgement Neece; Hellen her selfe swore th'other day, that Troylus for a browne fauour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

rem

remCre.

No but browne.

rem

remPan.

Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

rem

remCre.

To say the truth, true and not true.

rem

remPan.

She prais'd his complexion aboue Paris.

rem

remCre.

Why Paris hath colour inough.

rem

remPan.

So, he has.

rem

remCre.

Then Troylus should haue too much, if she prais'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue Hellens golden tongue had commended Troylus for a copper nose.

rem

remPan.

I sweare to you,

I thinke Hellen loues him better then Paris.

rem

remCre.

Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

rem

rem Pan.

Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

rem

remCres.

Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

rem

remPand.

Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

rem

remCres.

Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?

rem

remPan.

But to prooue to you that Hellen loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

rem

remCres.

Iuno haue mercy, how came it clouen?

rem

remPan.

Why, you know 'tis dimpled, I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

rem

remCre.

Oh he smiles valiantly.

rem

remPan.

Dooes hee not?

rem

remCre.

Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in Autumne.

rem

remPan.

Why go to then, but to proue to you that Hellen loues Troylus.

rem

remCre.

Troylus wil stand to thee Proofe, if youle prooue it so.

rem

remPan.

Troylus? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

rem

remCre.

If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

rem

remPan.

I can not chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

rem

remCre.

Without the racke.

rem

remPan.

And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

rem

remCre.

Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

rem

remPand.

But there was such laughing, Queene Hecuba laught that her eyes ran ore.

rem

remCre.

With Milstones.

rem

remPan.

And Cassandra laught,

rem

remCre.

But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

rem

remPan.

And Hector laught.

rem

remCre.

At what was ail this laughing?

rem

remPand.

Marry at the white haire that Hellen spied on Troylus chin.

rem

remCres.

And t'had beene a greene haire, I should haue laught too.

rem

remPand.

They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

rem

remCre.

What was his answere?

rem

remPan.

Quoth shee, heere's but two and fisty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

rem

remCre.

This is her question.

rem

remPand.

That's true, make no question os that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. Iuipiter quoth she, which of these haire is Paris my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and Hellen so blusht, and Paris so chast, aod all the rest so laught, that it past.

rem

remCre.

So let it now,

For is has beene a great while going by.

rem

remPan.

Well Cozen, I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

rem

remCre.

So I does.

rem

remPand.

Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.

Sound a retreat.

rem

remCres.

And Ile spring vp in his teares, an 'twere a nettle against May.

rem

remPan.

Harke they are coming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece Cressida.

rem

remCre.

At your pleasure.

rem

remPan.

Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, here we may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke Troylus aboute the rest,

Enter neas.

rem

remCre.

Speake not so low'd.

rem

remPan.

That's neas, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke Troylus; you shall see anon.

rem

remCre.

Who's that's?

Enter Antenor.

rem

remPan.

That's Antenor, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soundest iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes Troylus? Ile shew you Troylus anon, if hee see me, you shall see him him nod at me.

rem

remCre.

Will he giue you the nod?

rem

remPan.

You shall see.

rem

remCre.

If he do, the rich shall haue, more,

Enter Hector.

rem

remPan.

That's Hector, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way Hector, there's a braue man Neece, O braue Hector! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; ist not a braue man?

rem

remCre.

O braue man!

rem

remPan.

Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good looke you What hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

rem

remCre.

Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris;

rem

remPan.

Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do Hellens heart good now, ha? Would I could see Troylus now, you shall Troylus anon.

rem

remCre.

Whose that?

Enter Hellenus.

rem

remPan.

That's Hellenus, 1 maruell where Troylus is, that's Helenus, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's Hellenus.

rem

remCre.

Can Hellenus fight Vncle?

rem

remPan.

Hellenus no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where Troylus is; harke, do you not haere the people crie Troylus? Hellenus is a Priest.

rem

remCre.

What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

rem

remPan.

Where? Yonder? That's Dphobus. 'Tis Troylus! Ther's a man Neece, hem : Braue Troylus the Prince of Chiualrie.

rem

remCre.

Peace, for shame peace.

rem

remPand.

Marke him, not him: O braue Troylus: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then Hectors, and how he lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice, O'admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him, and I warrant, Helento change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

rem

remCres.

Heere come more.

rem

remPan.

Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of Troylus. Ne're looke, ne're looke the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as Troylus then Agamemnon and all Greece.

rem

remCres.

There is among the Greekes Achilles, a better man then Troylus.

rem

remPan.

Achilles? a Drayman, a Porter, a very Camell.

rem

remCres.

Well, well.

rem

remPan.

Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, b1auty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentlenesse, vertue, youth, liberality, arid so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

rem

remCres.

I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

rem

remPan.

You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

rem

remCres.

Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

rem

remPan.

Say one of your watches.

rem

remCres.

Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

rem

remPan.

You are such another.

rem

remBoy.

Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

rem

remPan.

Where?

rem

remBoy.

At your owne house.

rem

remPan.

Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.

Fare ye well good Neece.

rem

remCres.

Adieu Vnkle.

rem

remPan.

Ile be with you Neece by and by.

rem

remCres.

To bring Vnkle.

rem

remPan.

I, a token from Troylus.

rem

remCres.

By the same token. You are a Bawd. Exit Pand.

Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice,

*He offers in anothers enterprise:
 But more in Troylus thousand fold I see,
 Then in the glasse of Pandar's praise may be;
 Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
 Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:
 That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
 Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.
 That she was neuer yet, that euer knew
 Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
 Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;
 "Atchieuement, is command; vngai'd, beseech.
 That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.*

Exit.

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

rem

remAgam.

Princes:

*What greefe hath set the Iaundies on your cheekes?
 The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designes, begun on earth below
 Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters
 Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.
 As knots by the confluy of meeting sap,
 Infect the found Pine, and diuerts his Graine
 Tortiue and erant from his course of growth.
 Not Princes, is it matter new to vs,
 That we come short of our suppose so farre,
 That after seuen yeares liege, yet Troy walles stand,
 Sith euery action that hath gone before,
 Where of we haue Record, Triall did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:
 And that vnbodyed figure of the thought
 That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)
 Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,
 And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else
 But the protractiue trials of great loue,
 To finde persistiue constancie in men?
 The finenesse of which Mettall is not found*

*In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vnread,
The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath misse, or matter by it selfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.*

rem

remNestor.

*With due Obseruance of thy godly seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true prooffe of men: The Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile
Vpon her patient brest, making their way
With those of Nobler bulke?
But let the Ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements
Like Perseus Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,
Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now
Coriual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toste for Neptune, Euen so,
Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide
In stormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightnesse,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when, the splitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfesame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.*

rem

remVlys.

Agamemnon.

*Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be shut vp: Heare what Vlysses speakes,
Besides the applause and approbation
The which most mighty for thy place and sway,
And thou most reuerend for thy stretchtout life,
I giue to both your speeches: which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe
As venerable Nestor (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare Vlysses speake.*

rem

remAga.

*Speak Prince of Ithaca, and be't of lesse expect:
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Diuide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke Thersites opes his Masticke iawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.*

rem

remVlys.

*Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great Hectors sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obserue degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order,
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd*

*Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill
 And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
 Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
 In euill mixture to disorder wander,
 What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
 Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
 Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
 The vnity, and married calme of States
 Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,
 (Which is the Ladder to all high designes)
 The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
 Degrees in Schooles, and Brotherhoods in Cities,
 Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
 The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
 Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
 (But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
 Take but Degree away, vntune that string,
 And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes
 In mere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
 Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
 And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:
 Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
 And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
 Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
 (Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)
 Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
 Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,
 Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
 And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
 So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
 Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
 And last, eate vp himselfe.
 Great Agamemnon:
 This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,
 Followes the choaking:
 And this neglection of Degree, is it
 That by a pace goes backward in a purpose*

*It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exampled by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.*

rem

remNest.

*Most wisely hath Vlyssesheere discover'd
The Feauer, where of all our power is sicke.*

rem

remAga.

*The Nature of the sicknesse found (Ulysses)
What is the remedie?*

rem

remVlys.

*The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the forehead of our Hoste,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designes. With him, Patroclus,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liuelong day
Breakes scurrill Iests,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great Agamemnon,
Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Hamstring, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wodden Dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and orested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe,
The large Achilles (on his prestbed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,*

Cries excellent, 'tis Agamemnon iust.
Now play me Nestor; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being drest to some Oration
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of paralels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife,
Yet god Achilles still cries excellent,
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him (me) Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a nightAlarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough Patroclus,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As stufte for these two, to make paradoxes.

rem

remNest.

And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as Vlysses sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aiax is growne selfewill'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre
Bold as an Oracle, and sets Thersites
A slaue, whose Gall coines standers like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisons with durt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.

rem

remVlys.

They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,
Forestall prescience, and esteeme no acte

*But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands shall strike
When fitnessse call them on, and know by measure
Of their obseruant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bedworke, Mapp'ry, ClossetWarre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.*

rem

remNest.

*Let this be granted, and Achilles horse
Makes many Thetis sonnes.*

Tucket

rem

remAga.

What Trumpet? Looke Menelaus.

rem

remMen.

From Troy.

Enter neas.

rem

remAga.

What would you 'fore our Tent?

rem

remne.

Is this great Agamemnons Tent, I pray you?

rem

remAga.

Euen this.

rem

remne.

*May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?*

rem

remAga.

*With surety stronger then Achilles arme,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce
Call Agamemnon Head and Generall.*

rem

remne.

Faire leaue, and large security. How may

*A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?*

rem

remAga.

How?

rem

remne.

*I: I aske. that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blush
Modestt as morning. when she coldly eyes
The youthfull Phbus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?*

rem

remAga.

*This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.*

rem

remne.

*Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & Ioues accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace neas,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.
But what the repining enemy commends.
That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends¹.*

rem

remAga.

Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe neas?

rem

remne.

I Greeke that is my name.

rem

remAga.

What's your affayre I pray you?

rem

remne.

Sir pardon, 'tis for Agamemnons eares.

rem

¹transcds

remAga.

*He heares nought priuatly
That comes from Troy.*

rem

remne.

*Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his sence on the attentiu bent,
And then to speake.*

rem

remAga.

*Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not Agamemnons sleeping houre;
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee so himself.*

rem

remne.

*Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.*

The Trumpets sound.

*We haue great Agamemnon heere in Troy,
A Prince calld Hector, Priam is his Father:
Who in this dull and longcontinew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistris more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge,
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compasse in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,*

*Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, Hector shal honour him:
If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.*

rem

remAga.

*This shall be told our Louers Lord neas
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets Hector if none else, Ile be he.*

rem

remNest.

*Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hectors Grandsire suckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.*

rem

remne.

Now heauens forbid such scarsitie of youth.

rem

remVlys.

Amen.

rem

remAga.

*Faire Lord neas,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pawillion shal I leade you first:
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,*

And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Manet Vlysses, and, Nestor.

rem

remVlys.

Nestor.

rem

remNest.

What sayes Vlysses?

rem

remVlys.

I haue a young conception in my braine,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

rem

remNest.

What is't?

rem

remVlysses.

This 'tis:

Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the seeded Pride

That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In ranke Achilles, must or now be cropt,

Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil

To ouerbulke vs all.

rem

remNest.

Wel, and how?

rem

remVlys.

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

How euer it is spred in general name,

Relates in purpose onely to Achilles.

rem

remNest.

The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,

Whose grossnesse little charracters summe vp,

And in the publication make no straine,

But that Achilles, were his braine as barren

As bankes of Lybia, though (Apollo knowes)

'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,

I, with celerity, finde Hectors purpose

Printing on him.

rem

remVlys.

And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

rem

remNest.

Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose

That can from Hector bring his Honor off,

If not Achilles; though't be a sportfull Combate,

Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.

For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute

With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me Vlysses,

Our imputation shall be oddely poiz'd

In this wilde action. For the successe

(Although particular) shall giue a scantling

Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:

And in such Indexes although small prickes

To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene

The baby figure of the Gyantmasse

Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,

He that meets Hector, issues from our choyse;

And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,

Make Merit her election, and doth boyle

As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd

Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,

What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part

To steele a strong opinion to themselues,

Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,

In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes

Directiue by the Limbes.

rem

remVlys.

Giue pardon to my speech:

Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector:

Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,

And thinke perchance they'1 fell: If not,

The luster of the better yet to shew,

Shall shew the better. Do not consent,

That euer Hector and Achilles meete:

For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,

Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

rem

remNest.

I see them not with my old eies: what are they?

rem

remVlys.

*What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape Hector faire. If he were soyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockish Aiax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among our selues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse Aiax come safe off,
Wee'l dresse him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,
Aiax imploy'd, pluckes downe Achilles Plumes.*

rem

remNest.

*Now Vlysses, I begin to relish thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight:
Two Curras shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone.*

Exeunt

Enter Aiax, and Thersites.

rem

remAia.

Thersites?

rem

remTher.

Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer generally.

rem

remAia.

Thersites?

rem

remTher.

And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?

rem

remAia.

Dogge.

rem

remTher.

Then there would come some matter from him:

I see none now.

rem

remAia.

Thou BitchWolfesSonne, canst thou² not heare?

Feele then.

strikes him.

rem

remTher.

The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrel beefewitted Lord.

rem

remAia.

Speake then you whinid'st leauen speake, I will beate thee into handsomnesse.

rem

remTher.

I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse: but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then thou³ learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.

rem

remAia.

Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

rem

remTher.

Doest thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st (me thus?

rem

remAia.

The Proclamation.

rem

remTher.

Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

rem

remAia.

Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

rem

remTher.

²y

³y

I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothsom'st scab in Greece.

rem

remAia.

I say the Proclamation.

rem

remTher.

Thou grumblest & raillest euery houre on Achilles and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

rem

remAia.

Mistresse Thersites.

rem

remTher.

Thou should'st strike him

rem

remAia.

Coblofe.

rem

remTher.

He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as A Sailor breakes a bisket.

rem

remAia.

You horson Curre.

rem

remTher.

Do, do.

rem

remAia.

Thou stoole for a Witch.

rem

remTher.

I, do, do, thou soddewitted Lord: thou hast no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Asinico may tutor thee. Thou scuruy valiant Asse, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vfe to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele and tel what thou art by inches thou thing of no bowels thou.

rem

remAia.

You dogge.

rem

remTher.

You scuruy Lord.

rem

remAia.

You Curre.

rem

remTher.

Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

rem

remAchil.

Why how now Ajax? wherefore do you this?

How now Thersites? what's the matter man?

rem

remTher.

You see him there, do you?

rem

remAchil.

I, what's the matter.

rem

remTher.

Nay looke vpon him.

rem

remAchil.

So I do: what's the matter?

rem

remTher.

Nay but regard him well.

rem

remAchil.

Well, why I do so.

rem

remTher.

But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who some euer you take him to be, he is Ajax.

rem

remAchil.

I know that foole.

rem

remTher.

I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

rem

remAjax.

Therefore I beate thee.

rem

remTher.

Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicumnes of wit he utters: his euasions haue eares thus long. I haue bobbed his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his Piamater is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Ajax who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I say of him.

rem

remAchil.

What?

rem

remTher.

I say this Ajax

rem

remAchil.

Nay good Aiax.

rem

remTher.

Has not so much wit.

rem

remAchil.

Nay, I must hold you.

rem

remTher.

As will stop the eye of Helens Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

rem

remAchil.

Peace foole.

rem

remTher.

I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

rem

remAiax.

O thou damn'd Curre, I shall

rem

remAchil.

Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

rem

remTher.

No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.

rem

remPat.

Good words Thersites.

rem

remAchil.

What's the quarrell?

rem

remAiax.

I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure Of the Proclamation, and he sayles upon me.

rem

remTher.

I serue thee not.

rem

*rem*Aiax.

Well, go too, go too.

rem

*rem*Ther.

I serue heere voluntary.

rem

*rem*Achil.

Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Aiax was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

rem

*rem*Ther.

E'neso, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars, Hector shall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

rem

*rem*Achil.

What with me to Thersites?

rem

*rem*Ther.

There's Vlysses, and old Nestor, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draftOxen, and make you plough vp the warre.

rem

*rem*Achil.

What? what?

rem

*rem*Ther.

Yes good sooth, to Achilles, to Aiax, to

rem

*rem*Aiax.

I shall cut out your tongue.

rem

*rem*Ther.

'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

rem

*rem*Pat.

No more words Thersites.

rem

*rem*Ther.

I will hold my peace when Achilles Brooch bids me, shall I?

rem

*rem*Achil.

There's for you Patroclus.

rem

*rem*Ther.

I wil see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles.

Exit.

rem

remPat.

A good riddance.

rem

remAchil.

*Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,
That Hector by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.*

rem

remAiax.

Farewell? who shall answer him?

rem

remAchil.

I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise

He knew his man.

rem

remAiax.

O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it.

Exit.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

rem

remPri.

*After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe sayes Nestor, from the Greekes,
Deliuier Helen, and all damage else
(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)
Shall be stroke off. Hector, what say you too't.*

rem

remHect.

*Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread Priam,
There is no Lady of more softer bowels.
More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wise: the tent that searches*

*To'th' bottome of the worst. Let Helen go,
 Since the first sword was drawne about this question,
 Euery thythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 Hath bin as deere as Helen: I meane of ours:
 If we haue lost so many tenths of ours
 To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs
 (Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason which denies
 The yeelding of her vp.*

rem

remTroy.

Fie, fie, my Brother;

*Weigh you the worth and h1nour of a King
 (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
 Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters Summe
 The past proportion of his infinite,
 And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,
 With spannes and inches so diminutiue,
 As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?*

rem

remHel.

No maruel though you bite so sharp at reasons,

*You are so empty of them, should not our Father
 Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none that tels him so.*

rem

remTroy.

You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest

*You furre your gloues with reason: here are your reasons
 You know an enemy intends you harme,
 You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,
 And reason flyes the obiect of all harme.
 Who maruels then when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heeles:
 Or like a starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,
 And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,
 Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor
 Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,
 Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood deiect.*

rem

remHect.

Brother, she is not worth

What she doth cost the holding.

rem

remTroy.

What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

rem

remHect.

But value dwels not in particular will,

It holds his estimate and dignitie

As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,

As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,

To make the seruice greater then the God,

And the will dotes that is inclineable

To what infectiously it selfe affects,

Without some image of th'affected merit.

rem

remTroy.

I take to day a Wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,

Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde

(Although, my will distaste, what it elected)

The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion

To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.

We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant

When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands

We do not throw in vnrespectue same,

Because we now are full. It was thought meete

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;

Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,

The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) toke a Truce,

And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,

And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,

He brought, a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse

Wrinkles Apolloes, and makes stale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keeps our Aunt?

Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,

Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,

*And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants,
 If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
 If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
 (As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
 And cride inestimable; why do you now
 The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,
 And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?,
 Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
 Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
 That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
 But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
 That in their Country did them that disgrace,
 We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.*

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

rem

remCas.

Cry Troyans, cry.

rem

remPriam.

What noyse? what shreeke is this?

rem

remTroy.

'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.

rem

remCas.

Cry Troyans.

rem

remHect.

It is Cassandra.

rem

remCas.

*Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.*

rem

remHect.

Peace sister, peace.

rem

remCas.

*Virgins, and Boyes; midage & wrinkled old,
 Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
 Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
 A moiety of that masse of moane to come.*

*Cry Troyans cry, practice your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,
Our firebrand Brother Parisburnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe;
Cry cry, Troy burnes, or else let Helen goe.*

Exit.

rem

remHect.

*Now youthfull Troylus, do not these hie strains
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?*

rem

remTroy.

*Why Brother Hector,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;
Because Cassandra's mad, her brainsicke raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all Priams sonnes,
And Ioue forbid there should be done among'st vs
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.*

rem

remPar.

*Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vndertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gauē wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those.
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,*

*Paris should ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.*

rem

remPri.

*Paris, you speake Like one besotted on your sweet delights;
You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.*

rem

remPar.

*Sir, I propose not meerey to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treafon were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where Helen is the subiect. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.*

rem

remHect.

*Paris and Troylus, you haue both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp' red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,*

*Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each wellordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. Hectors opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritely brethren, I prehend to you
In resolution to keepe Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.*

rem

remTro.

*Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of Troian blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Hector,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue Hector would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the forehead of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.*

rem

remHect.

*I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus,
I haue a roisting challenge sent among'st
The dull and factous nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,*

*I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
 Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
 This I presume will wake him.*

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites solus.

How now Thersites? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant Aiax carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's Achilles, a rare Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of themselues. O thou great thunderdarter of Olympus, forget that thou art Ioue the King of gods; and Mercury, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little lesse then little wit from them that they haue, which shortarm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the boneach, for that me thinkes is the curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus.

rem

remPatr.

Who's there? Thersites. Good Thersites come in and raile.

rem

remTher.

If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, Thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe, The common curse of mankind?, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenuew; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if (he that laies thee out sayes thou art a faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's Achilles?

rem

remPatr.

What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?

rem

remTher.

I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

rem

remAchil.

Who's there?

rem

remPatr.

Thersites, my Lord.

rem

remAchil.

Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, Why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's Agamemnon?

rem

remTher.

Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Patroclus, what's Achilles?

rem

remPatr.

Thy Lord Thersites: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy selfe?

rem

remTher.

Thy knower Patroclus: then tell me Patroclus, what art thou?

rem

remPatr.

Thou maist tell that know'st.

rem

remAchil.

O tell, tell.

rem

remTher.

Ile declin the whole question: Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus knower, and Patroclus is a foole.

rem

remPatro.

You rascall.

rem

remTer.

Peace foole, I haue not done.

rem

remAchil.

He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede Thersites.

rem

remTher.

Agamemnon is a foole, Achilles is a foole, Thersites is a foole, and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a foole.

rem

remAchil.

Deriue this? come?

rem

remTher.

Agamemnon is a foole to offer to command Achilles, Achilles is a foole to be commanded of Agamemnon, Thersites is a foole to serue such a foole: and Patroclus is a foole positiuie.

rem

remPatr.

Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses. Nestor, Diomedes, Aiax, and Chalcas.

rem

remTher.

Make that demand to the Creator it suffises me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

rem

remAchil.

Patroclus, Ile speake with no body: come in with me Thersites.

Exit.

rem

remTher.

Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knauerie: all the argument is a Cuck-old and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulation factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

rem

remAgam.

Where is Achilles?

rem

remPatr.

Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

rem

remAgam.

Let it be knowne to him that we are here:

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments visiting of him:

Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke

We dare not moue the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

rem

remPat.

I shall so say to him.

rem

remVlis.

We saw him at the opening of his Tent,

He is not sicke.

rem

remAia.

Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause? A word my Lord.

rem

remNes.

What moues thus to bay at him?

rem

remVlis.

Achillis hath inueigled his Foole from him.

rem

remNes.

Who, Thersites?

rem

remVlis.

He.

rem

remNes.

Then will Ajax lacke matter, if he haue lost his Argument.

rem

remVlis.

No, you see he is his argument that has his argument Achilles.

rem

remNes.

All the better, their fraction is more our wish then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a Foole could disunite.

rem

remVlis.

The amitie that wisdoms knits, not folly may easily vntie. Enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

rem

remNes.

No Achilles with him?

rem

remVlis.

The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curtesie:

His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

rem

remPatro.

Achilles bids me say he is much sorry:

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,

Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,

To call vpon him; he hopes is no other,

But for your health, and your digestion sake;

An after Dinners breath.

rem

remAga.

Heare you Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his euasion winged thus twist with scorne,

Cannot outflye our apprehensions.

*Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
 Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
 Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,
 Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse;
 Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,
 Are like to rot vtasted: goe and tell him,
 We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
 If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,
 And vnder honest; in selfeassumption greater
 Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himselfe
 Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,
 Disguise the holy strength of their command:
 And vnder write in an obseruing kinde
 His humorous predominance, yea watch
 His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
 That if he ouerhold his price so much,
 Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
 Not portable, lye vnder this report.
 Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
 A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,
 Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.*

rem

remPat.

I shall, and bring his answere presently.

rem

remAga.

In second voyce weele not be satisfied,

We come to speake with him, Vlisses enter you.

Exit Vlisses.

rem

remAiax.

What is he more then another?

rem

remAga.

No more then what he thinkes he is.

rem

remAia.

Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himselfe a better man then I am?

rem

remAg.

No question.

rem

remAiax.

Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

rem

remAg.

No, Noble Aiax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

rem

remAiax.

Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

rem

remAga.

Your minde is the cleerer Aiax, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the deede in the praise.

Enter Vlysses.

rem

remAiax.

I do hate proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

rem

remNest.

Yet he loues himself: is't not strange?

rem

remVlis.

Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

rem

remAg.

What's his excuse?

rem

remVlis.

He doth relye on none,

But carries on the streame of his dispose,

Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

rem

remAga.

Why, will he not upon our Faire request,

Vntent this person, and share the ayre with vs?

rem

remVlis.

Things small as nothing, fore requests sake onely

He makes important; possest he is with greatnesse,

And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride

*That quarrels at selfbreath. Imagin'd wroth
 Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
 That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
 Kingdome'd Achilles in commotion rages,
 And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
 He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
 Cry no recouery.*

rem

remAg.

Let Aiax goe to him,

*Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
 At your request a little from himselfe.*

rem

remVlis.

O Agamemnon, let it not be so.

*Weele consecrate the steps that Aiax makes.
 When they goe from Achilles; shall the proud Lord,
 That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,
 And neuer suffers matter of the world,
 Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue
 And ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,
 Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
 Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
 Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles,
 That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
 And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
 With entertaining great Hiperion.
 This Lord^A goe to him? Iupiter forbid,
 And say in thunder, Achilles goe to him.*

rem

remNest.

O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

rem

remDio.

And how his silence drinkes vp this applause.

rem

remAia.

⁴L.

If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him ore the face.

rem

remAg.

O no, you shall not goe.

rem

remAia.

And a be proud with me, Ile phese his pride: let me goe to him.

rem

remVlis.

Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

rem

remAia.

A paultry insolent fellow.

rem

remNest.

How he describes himselfe.

rem

remAia.

Can he not be sociable?

rem

remVlis.

The Rauen chides blacknesse.

rem

remAinAia.

Ile let his humours bloud.

rem

remAg.

He will be the Physitian that should be the patient.

rem

remAia.

And all men were a my minde,

rem

remVlis.

Wit would be out of fashion.

rem

remAia.

A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords first: shall pride carry it?

rem

remNest.

And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

rem

remVlis.

A would haue ten shares.

rem

remAia.

I will knede him, He make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.

rem

remNest.

Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry.

rem

remVlis.

My Lord⁵ you seede too much on this dislike.

rem

remNest.

Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

rem

remDiom.

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

rem

remVlis.

Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme,

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,

I will be silent.

rem

remNest.

Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

rem

remVlis.

'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

rem

remAia.

A horson dog, that dial palter thus with vs, would he were a Troian.

rem

remNest.

What a vice were it in Aiax now

rem

remUlis.

If he were proud.

rem

remDio.

Or couetous of praise.

rem

remVlis.

I, or surley borne.

rem

remDio.

Or strange, or selfe affected.

rem

remVl.

Thank the heauens Lord⁶ thou art of sweet composure;

⁵L.

⁶L.

*Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy part of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let Mars deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe. and for thy vigour,
Bullbearing Milo: his addition yeelde
To sinnowie Ajax: I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Nestor
Instructed by the Antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
But pardon Father Nestor, were your days
As greene as Ajax, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not haue the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.*

rem

remAia.

Shall I call you Father?

rem

remUlis.

I my good Sonne.

rem

remDio.

Be rul'd by him Lord Ajax.

rem

remVlis.

*There is no tarrying here, the Hart Achilles
Keepes thicket: please it our Generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to Troy; to morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,
And cull their flowre, Ajax shall cope the best.*

rem

remAg.

Goe we to Counsaile, let Achilles sleepe;

Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw deepe.

Exeunt.

Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

rem

remPan.

Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord Paris?

rem

remSer.

I sir, when he goes before me.

rem

remPan.

You depend vpon him I meane?

rem

remSer.

Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

rem

remPan.

You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must needes praise him.

rem

remSer.

The Lord be praised.

rem

remPa.

You know me, doe you not?

rem

remSer.

Faith sir, superficially.

rem

remPa.

Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

rem

remSer.

I hope I shall know your honour better.

rem

remPa.

I doe desire it.

rem

remSer.

You are in the state of Grace?

rem

remPa.

Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?

rem

remSer.

I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

rem

remPa.

Know you the Musitians.

rem

remSer.

Wholly sir,

rem

remPa.

Who play they to?

rem

remSer.

To the hearers sir.

rem

remPa.

At whose pleasur friend?

rem

remSer.

At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

rem

remPa.

Command, I meane friend.

rem

remSer.

Who shall I command sir?

rem

remPa.

Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning.

At whose request doe these men play?

rem

remSer.

That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of Paris my Lord⁷ who's there in person; with him the mortall Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible soule.

rem

remPa.

Who? my Cosin Cressida.

rem

remSer.

No Sir, Helen, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

rem

remPa.

It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troylus: I will make a complementall assault vpon him, for my businesse seethes.

rem

remSer.

Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

rem

remPan.

⁷L.

Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

rem

remHel.

Deere Lord⁸ you are full of faire words.

rem

remPan.

You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

rem

remPar.

You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

rem

remPan.

Truely Lady no.

rem

remHel.

O sir.

rem

remPan.

Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

rem

remParis.

Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

rem

remPan.

I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my

Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

rem

remHel.

Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, wee le heare you sing certainly.

rem

remPan.

Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and in oft esteemed friend your brother Troylus.

rem

remHel.

My Lord Pandarus hony sweete Lord.

rem

remPan.

Go too sweete Queene, goe to Commends himself most affectionately to you.

rem

remHel.

⁸L.

You shall not bob vs out of our melody: if you doe, out melancholly vpon your head.

rem

remPan.

Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene I faith

rem

remHel.

And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

rem

remPan.

Nay, that shall not serue your turne that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

rem

remHel.

My Lord Pandarus?

rem

remPan.

What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

rem

remPar.

What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

rem

remHel.

Nay but my Lord?

rem

remPan.

What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

rem

remHel.

You must not know where he sups.

rem

remPar.

With my disposer Cressida.

rem

remPan.

No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

rem

remPar.

Well, Ile make excuse.

rem

remPan.

I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida? no your poore disposer's sicke.

rem

remPar.

I spie.

rem

remPan.

You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an instrument now sweete Queene.

rem

remHel.

Why this is kindly done?

rem

remPan.

My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

rem

remHel.

She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

rem

remPand.

Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are twaine.

rem

remHel.

Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

rem

remPan.

Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

rem

remHel.

I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine forehead.

rem

remPan.

I you may, you may.

rem

remHel.

Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al.

Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

rem

remPan.

Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

rem

remPar.

I, good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

rem

remPan.

In good troth it begins so.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:

For O loues Bow,

Shootes Bucke and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore:

These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;

Yet that which seemes the wound to kill.

*Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying loue liues still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha hahey ho.*

rem

remHel.

In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

rem

remPar.

He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

rem

remPan.

Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

rem

remPar.

Hector Deiphbus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my Nell would not haue it so.

How chance my brother Troylus went not?

rem

remHel.

He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord Pandarus?

rem

remPan.

Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

rem

remPar.

To a hayre.

rem

remPan.

Farewell sweete Queene.

rem

remHel.

Commend me to your Neece.

rem

remPan.

I will sweete Queene.

Sound a retreat.

rem

remPar.

They're come from fielde: let vs to Priams Hall

To greeete the Warriars. Sweet Hellen, I must woe you,

To helpe vnarme our Hector: his stubborne Buckles,

*With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, disarme great Hector.*

rem

remHel.

*'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant Paris:
Yea what he shall rceiue of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:
Yea ouershines our selfe.
Sweete aboue thought I loue thee.*

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

rem

remPan.

How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen Cressidas?

rem

remMan.

No sir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

rem

remPan.

O here he comes: How now, how now?

rem

remTroy.

Sirra walke off.

rem

remPan.

Haue you seene my Cousin?

rem

remTroy.

No Pandarus: I stalke about her doore

*Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to Cressid.*

rem

remPan.

Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus.

rem

remTroy.

*I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary relish is so sweete.
That it inchants my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fine,
Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,
That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.*

Enter Pandarus.

rem

remPan.

*Shee's making her ready sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so
blush, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her;
it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow.*

Exit Pand.

rem

remTroy.

*Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:
My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,
Like vass1lage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maiestie.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

rem

remPan.

*Come, come, what neede you blush? Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the
oathes now to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone againe, you must
be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes,
and you draw backward weele put you i'th filis: why doe you not speak to her? Come
draw this curtaine & let's see your picture. Alasse the day, how loath you are to
offend day light? and 'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the
mistresse; how now, a kisse in feefarme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete.*

Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.

rem

remTroy.

You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

rem

remPan.

Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if shee call your actiuity in question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

rem

remCres.

Will you walke in my Lord?

rem

remTroy.

O Cressida how often haue I wisht me thus?

rem

remCres.

Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

rem

remTroy.

What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

rem

remCres.

More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

rem

remTroy.

Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truely.

rem

remCres.

Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

rem

remTroy.

Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,

In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

rem

remCres.

Not nothing monstrous neither?

rem

remTroy.

Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to devise imposition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstrositie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to limit.

rem

remCres.

They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth pan of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?

rem

remTroy.

Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. Troylus shall be such to Cressid, as what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truest, not truer then Troylus.

rem

remCres.

Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

rem

remPan.

What blushing still? haue you not done talking yet?

rem

remCres.

Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

rem

remPan.

I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

rem

remTro.

You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

rem

remPan.

Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

rem

remCres.

Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troylus, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

rem

remTroy.

Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

rem

remCres.

Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord

With the first glance; that euer pardon me,
 If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:
 I loue you now, but not till now so much
 But I might maister it; infaith I lye:
 My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
 Too headstrong for their mother: see we fooles,
 Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
 When we are so vnsecret to our selues?
 But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
 And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
 Or that we women had mens priuiledge
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
 For in this rapture I shall surely speake
 The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence
 Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes
 My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

rem

remTroy.

And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

rem

remPan.

Pretty yfaith.

rem

remCres.

My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,
 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:
 I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
 For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

rem

remTroy.

Your leaue sweete Cressid?

rem

remPan.

Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

rem

remCres.

Pray you content you.

rem

remTroy.

What offends you Lady?

rem

remCres.

Sir, mine owne company.

rem

remTroy.

You cannot shun your selfe.

rem

remCres.

Let me goe and try:

I, haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

rem

remTroy.

Well know they what they speake, that speakes so wisely.

rem

remCre.

Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,

Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

rem

remTroy.

O that I thought it could be in a woman:

As if it can, I will presume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

Outliuing beauties outward, with a minde

That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:

Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed puriritie puritie in loue:

How were I then vplifted! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the infancie of truth.

rem

remCr1s.

In that lle warre with you.

rem

remTroy.

O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right:

*True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come
 Approue their truths by Troylus, when their rimes,
 Full of protest, of oath and big compare;
 Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
 As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone:
 As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
 As Iron to Adamant: as Ear1h to th'Center:
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,
 (As truths authenticke author to be cited)
 As true as Troylus, shall crowne vp the Verse,
 And sanctifie the numbers.*

rem

remCres.

Prophet may you be:

*If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:
 When water drops haue worne the stones of Troy;
 And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;
 And mightie States characterlesse are grated
 To dustie nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false Maids in loue,
 Vpbraid my falsehood, when they 'aue said as false,
 As Aire, as Water. as Winde, as sandie earth;
 As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
 Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
 Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.*

rem

remPand.

*Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile be the witness here I hold you hand:
 here my Cousins, if euer you proue false one to another, since I haue taken such
 paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end
 after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troylusses, all false
 women Cressids, and all brokers betweene, Panders: say, Amen.*

rem

remTroy.

Amen.

rem

remCres.

Amen.

rem

remPan.

Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death: away.

*And Cupid grant all: tongtide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere.*

Exeunt.

Enter Vlysses, Diomedes, Nestor. Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calcas. Florish.

rem

remCal.

*Now Princes for the service haue done you,
The aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appears it to your minde,
That through the fight I beare 1n things to loue,
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe,
From certaine and possest conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you service am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.
I doe beseech you, as in way of taste,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say, line to come in my behalfe.*

rem

remAgam.

What would'st thou of vs Troian? make demand?

rem

remCal.

*You haue a Troian prisoner, cal'd Anthenor,
Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this Anthenor,
I know is such a wrest in their affaires;
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almost,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike off all service I haue done.*

In most accepted paine.

rem

remAga.

Let Diomedes beare him,

And bring vs Cressid hither: Calcas shall haue

What he requests of vs: good Diomed

Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;

Withall bring word, if Hector will tomorrow

Be answer'd in his challenge Ajax is ready.

rem

remDio.

This shall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen

Which I am proud to beare.

Exit.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

rem

remVlis.

Achilles stands i'th entrance of his Tent;

Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,

As if he were forgot: and Princes all,

Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him;

I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?

If so, I haue derision medicinable,

To vse betweene your strangenesse and his pride,

Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke;

It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse

To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees,

Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

rem

remAgam.

Weele execute your purpose, and put on

A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,

So doe each Lord, and either greete him not.

Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,

Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

rem

remAchil.

What comes the Generall to speake with me?

You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

rem

remAga.

What saies Achilles, would he ought with vs?

rem

remNes.

Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

rem

remAchil.

No.

rem

remNes.

Nothing my Lord.

rem

remAga.

The better.

rem

remAchil.

Good day, good day.

rem

remMen.

How doe you? how doe you?

rem

remAchi.

What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?

rem

remAiax.

How now Patroclus?

rem

remAchil.

Good morrow Aiax?

rem

remAiax.

Ha.

rem

remAchil.

Good morrow.

rem

remAiax.

I, and good next day too.

Exeunt.

rem

remAchil.

What meane these fellowes? know they not Achilles?

rem

remPatr.

They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend

To send their smiles before them to Achilles:

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

rem

remAchil.

What am I poore of late?

*'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butterflies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;
The loue that leand on them as slippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did possesse,
Saue these mens looks: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is Vlisses,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now Vlisses?*

rem

remVlis.

Now great Thetis Sonne.

rem

remAchil.

What are you reading?

rem

remVlis.

A strange fellow here

*Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues shining vpon others,
Heare them, and they retort that heate againe
To the first giuer.*

rem

remAchil.

This is not strange Vlisses:

*The beautie that is borne here in the face,
 The bearer knowes not but commends it selfe,
 Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,
 Salutes each other with each others forme.
 For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
 Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
 Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.*

rem

rem *Vlis.*

*I doe not straine it at the position,
 It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
 Who in his circumstance, expresly proues
 That no may is the Lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
 Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,
 Till he behold them formed in th'applause,
 Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
 The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,
 Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
 His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
 And apprehended here immediately:
 The vnknowne Ajax;
 Heauens what a man is there? a very Horse,
 That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there (are.
 Most abiect in regard, and deare in vse.
 What things againe most deere in the esteeme,
 And poore in worth: now shall we see tomorrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
 Ajax renown'd? O heauens, what some men doe,
 While some men leaue to doe!
 How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
 Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
 How one man eates into anothers pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse
 To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
 As if his foote were on braue Hectors brest,
 And great Troy shrinking.*

rem

remAchil.

I doe beleeeue it:

*For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?*

rem

remVlis.

Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,

Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:

A great siz'd monster of ingrattitudes:

Those scraps are good deedes past,

Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,

Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance. deere my Lord,

Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,

In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,

For honour trauels in a straight so narrow,

Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:

For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,

That one by one pursue; if you giue way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;

Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,

And leaue you hindmost:

Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,

Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere

Orerun and trampled on: then what they doe in present,

Though lesse then yours in past, must oretop yours:

For time is like a fashionable Hoste,

That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;

And with his armes outstretcht as he would flye,

Graspes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,

And farewels goes out fighting: O let not vertue seeke

Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,

Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all

To enuious and calumniating time:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:

That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,

Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,

*More laud then guilt oredusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvell not thou great and compleat man,
 That all the Greekes begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
 Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may againe,
 If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aliue,
 And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
 Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,
 And draue great Mars to faction.*

rem

remAchil.

*Of this my priuacie,
 I haue strong reasons.*

rem

remVlis.

*But 'gainst your priuacie
 The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
 'Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in loue
 With one of Priams daughters.*

rem

remAchil.

Ha? knowne?

rem

remVlis.

*Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchfull State,
 Knowes almost euery graine of Plutoes gold;
 Findes bottome in th'vncomprehensiu deepes;
 Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,
 Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
 There is a mysterie (with whom relation
 Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;
 Which hath an operation more diuine,
 Then breath or pen can giue expresseure to:
 All the commerse that you haue had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw downe Hector then Polixena.*

*But it must grieue yong Pirhus now at home,
 When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;
 And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,
 Great Hectors sister did Achilles winne;
 But our great Ajax brauely beate downe him.
 Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake;
 The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.*

rem

remPatr.

*To this effect Achilles haue I mou'd you;
 A woman impudent and mannish growne,
 Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
 In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
 They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,
 And your great loue to me, restraines you thus:
 Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton Cupid
 Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,
 And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
 Be shooke to ayrie ayre.*

rem

remAchil.

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

rem

remPatr.

I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

rem

remAchil.

*I see my reputation is at stake,
 My fame is shrowdly gored.*

rem

remPatr.

O then beware:

*Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselues:
 Omission to doe what is necessary,
 Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
 And danger like an ague subtly taints
 Euen then when we sit idely in the sunne.*

rem

remAchil.

*Goe; call Thersites hither sweet Patroclus,
 Ile send the foole to Ajax, and desire him
 T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat*

*To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great Hector in his weedes of peace;*

Enter Thersi.

*To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.*

rem

remTher.

A wonder.

rem

remAchil.

What?

rem

remTher.

Aiax goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

rem

remAchil.

How so?

rem

remTher.

*Hee must fight singly to morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an
heroicall cudgelling, that he raues in saying nothing.*

rem

remAchil.

How can that be?

rem

remTher.

*Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like
an hostesse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head and
twoo'd out; and so there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will
not shew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if Hector breake not his
necke i'th'combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine glory. He knows not mee: I said,
good morrow Aiax; And he replyes, thankes Agamemnon. What thinke you of this
man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very landfish, languagelesse,
a monster: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Ierkin.*

rem

remAchil.

Thou must be my Ambassador to him Thersites.

rem

remTher.

*Who, I: why, heele answer nobody: he professes not answering; speaking is for beg-
gers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make
his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of Aiax.*

rem

remAchil.

To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie Agamemnon, &c. doe this.

rem

remPatro.

Ioue blesse great Ajax.

rem

remTher.

Hum.

rem

remPatr.

I come from the worthy Aehilles Achilles .

rem

remTher.

Ha?

rem

remPatr.

Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his Tent.

rem

remTher.

Hum.

rem

remPatr.

And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

rem

remTher.

Agamemnon?

rem

remPatr.

I my Lord.

rem

remTher.

Ha?

rem

remPatr.

What say you too't.

rem

remTher.

God buy you with all my heart.

rem

remPatr.

Your answer sir.

rem

remTher.

If tomorrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

rem

remPatr.

Your answer sir.

rem

remTher.

Fare you well withall my heart.

rem

remAchil.

Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

rem

remTher.

No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will be in him when Hector has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler Apollo get his sinewes to make catlings on.

rem

remAchil.

Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him straight.

rem

remTher.

Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.

rem

remAchil.

*My minde is troubled like a Fountains stir'd,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.*

rem

remTher.

Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

*Enter at one doore neas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephbus, Anthenor,
Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.*

rem

remPar.

See hoa, who is that there?

rem

remDieph.

It is the Lord neas

rem

remne.

Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long

As you Prince Paris, nothing but heauenly businesse,

Should rob my bedmate of my company.

rem

remDiom.

That's my minde too: good morrow Lord neas.

rem

remPar.

A valiant Greeke neas take his hand,

Witnesse the processe of your speech within;

You told how Diomed in a whole weeke by dayes

Did haunt you in the Field.

rem

remne.

Health to you valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce:

But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,

As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

rem

remDiom.

The one and other Diomed embraces,

Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:

But when contention, and occasion meetes,

By Ioue, Ile play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

rem

remne.

And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye

With his face backward, in humaine gentlenesse:

Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life,

Welcome indeede; by Venus hand I sweare,

No man aliue can loue in such a sort,

The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

rem

remDiom.

We simpathize. Ioue let neas liue

(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)

A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,

But in mine emulous honor let him dye:

With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

rem

remne.

We know each other well.

rem

remDio.

We doe, and long to know each other worse.

rem

remPar.

*This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;
The noblest hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?*

rem

remne.

I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

rem

remPar.

*His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To Calchas house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Anthenor, the faire Cressid:
Lets haue your company; or if you please,
Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother Troylus lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We shall be much vnwelcome.*

rem

remne.

That I assure you;

*Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then Cressid borne from Troy.*

rem

remPar.

There is no helpe:

*The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so
On Lord, weele follow you.*

rem

remne.

Good morrow all.

Exit neas

rem

remPar.

*And tell me noble Diomed; faith tell me true,
Euen in the soule of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire Helen most?
My selfe, or Menelaus?*

rem

remDiom.

Both alike.

*He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,
 Not making any scruple of her soylure,
 With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
 And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
 Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,
 With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:
 He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
 You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,
 Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
 Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
 But he as he, which heauier for a whore.*

rem

remPar.

You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

rem

remDio.

*Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me Paris,
 For euery false drop in her baudy veines,
 A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
 She hath not giuen so many good words breath,
 As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.*

rem

remPar.

*Faire Diomed, you doe as chapmen doe,
 Dis praise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this vertue well;
 Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
 Here lyes our way,*

Exeunt.

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

rem

remTroy.

Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

rem

remCres.

*Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
 He shall vnbolt the Gates.*

rem

remTroy.

Trouble him not:

*To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy sences,
As Infants empty of all thought.*

rem

remCres.

Good morrow then.

rem

remTroy.

I prithee now to bed.

rem

remCres.

Are you a weary of me?

rem

remTroy.

O Cressida! but that the busie day

*Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.*

rem

remCres.

Night hath beene too briefe.

rem

remTroy.

*Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she (staves,
As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.*

rem

remCres.

Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;

*O foolish Cressid, I might haue still held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?*

rem

remPand.

within.

What's all the doores open here?

rem

remTroy.

It is your Vnckle.

Enter Pandarus.

rem

remCres.

A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking: I shall haue such a life.

rem

remPan.

How now, how now? how goe maidenheads?

Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin Cressid?

rem

remCres.

Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:

You bring me to dooand then you floute me too.

rem

remPan.

To do what? to do what? let her say what:

What haue I brought you to doe?

rem

remCres.

Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor suffer others.

rem

remPan.

Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore Chipochia, hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleepe:a bugbeare take him. One knocks.

rem

remCres.

Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:

You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

rem

remTroy.

Ha, ha.

rem

remCre.

Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.

How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. Knocke.

I would not for halfe Troy haue you seene here.

Exeunt

rem

remPan.

Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

rem

remne.

Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

rem

remPan.

Who's there my Lord neas? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you so early?

rem

remne.

Is not Prince Troylus here?

rem

remPan.

Here? what should he doe here?

rem

remne.

Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:

It doth import him much to speake with me.

rem

remPan.

Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe here?

rem

remne.

Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

rem

remTroy.

How now, what's the matter?

rem

remne.

My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand,

Paris your brother, and Deiphbus,

The Grecian Diomed, and our Anthenor

Deliuier'd to vs, and for him forthwith,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre.

We must giue vp to Diomedes hand

The Lady Cressida.

rem

remTroy.

is it concluded so?

rem

remne.

By Priam, the generall state of Troy.

They are at hand ready to effect it.

rem

remTroy.

*How my atchieuements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord neas
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.*

*rem
remn.*

*Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie.
Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

*rem
remPan.*

*Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell take Anthenor; the yong Prince will
goe mad: a plague vpon Anthenor; I would they had brok's necke.*

*rem
remCres.*

How now? what's the matter? who was here?

*rem
remPan.*

Ah, ha!

*rem
remCres.*

*Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's
the matter?*

*rem
remPan.*

Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

*rem
remCres.*

O the gods! what's the matter?

*rem
remPan.*

*Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been borne; I knew thou would'st be his
death. O poore? Gentleman: a plague vpon Anthenor.*

*rem
remCres.*

Good Vnckle beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

*rem
remPan.*

*Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Anthenor: thou
must to thy Father, and be gone from Troylus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine,
he cannot beare it.*

*rem
remCres.*

O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

rem

remPan.

Thou must.

rem

remCres.

I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:

I know no touch of consanguinitie:

No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,

As the sweet Troylus: O you gods diuine!

Make Cressids name the very crowne of falsehood!

If euer she leaue Troylus: time, orce and death,

Do to this body what extremitie you can;

But the strong base and building of my loue,

Is as the very Center of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

rem

remPan.

Doe, doe.

rem

remCres.

Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekes,

Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart

With sounding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy.

Exeunt.

Enter Paris, Troylus, neas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

rem

remPar.

It is great morning, and the houre prefixt

Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke

Comes fast vpon: good my brother Troylus,

Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,

And hast her to the purpose.

rem

remTroy.

Walke into her house:

Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;

And to his hand, when I deliuer her,

Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus

A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

rem

remPar.

I know what 'tis to loue,

And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.

Please you walke in, my Lords.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

rem

remPan.

Be moderate, be moderate.

rem

remCres.

Why tell you me of moderation?

The grieffe is fine, full perfect that I taste,

And no lesse in a sense as strong

As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?

If I could temporise with my affection,

Or brew it to a weake arid colder pallat,

The like alaiment could I giue my grieffe:

My loue admits no qualifying crosse; Enter Troylus.

No more my grieffe, in such a precious losse.

rem

remPan.

Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

rem

remCres.

O Troylus, Troylus!

rem

remPan.

What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of such a Verse: We see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

rem

remTroy.

Cressid: I loue thee in so strange a puritie;

That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,

More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which

Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

rem

remCres.

Haue the gods enuie?

rem

remPan.

I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

rem

remCres.

And is it true, that I must goe; from Troy?

rem

remTroy.

A hatefull truth.

rem

remCres.

What, and from Troylus too?

rem

remTroy.

From Troy, and Troylus.

rem

remCres.

Ist possible?

rem

remTroy.

And sodainely, where iniurie of chance

Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by

All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips

Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents

Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,

Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighes

Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,

With the rude breuitie and discharge of our

Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste

Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.

As many farwels as be stars in heauen,

With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;

And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,

Distasting with the salt of broken teares.

Enter neas.

rem

remneas.

within.

My Lord, is the Lady ready?

rem

remTroy.

Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so

Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.

Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

rem

remPan.

Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

rem

remCres.

I must then to the Grecians?

rem

remTroy.

No remedy.

rem

remCres.

A wofull Cressid mong'st the merry Greekes.

Conventionally this speech is given to Cressida. rem

remTroy.

When shall we see againe?

rem

remTroy.

Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

rem

remCres.

I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

rem

remTroy.

Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from vs:

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

rem

remCres.

O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers

As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

rem

remTroy.

And Ile grow friend with danger;

Weare this Sleeue.

rem

remCres.

And you this Gloue.

When shall I see you?

rem

remTroy.

*I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.*

*rem
remCres.*

O heauens: be true againe?

*rem
remTroy.*

Heare why I speake it; Loue:

*The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guist of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.
Alas, a kinde of godly iealousie;
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:
Makes me affraid.*

*rem
remCres.*

O heauens, you loue me not!

*rem
remTroy.*

Dye I a villaine then:

*In this I doe not call your faith in question
So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor sweeten talke;
Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all;
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurkes a still and dumbdiscoursiue diuell,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.*

*rem
remCres.*

Doe you thinke I will:

*rem
remTroy.*

No, but something may be done that we wil not:

*And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potencie.*

*rem
remneas*

within.

Nay, good my Lord?

rem

remTroy.

Come kisse, and let vs part.

rem

remParis

within.

Brother Troylus?

rem

remTroy.

Good brother come you hither,

And bring neas and the Grecian with you.

rem

remCres.

My Lord, will you be true?

Exit.

rem

remTroy.

Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I, with great truth, catch mere simplicitie;

Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,

With truth and plainnesse I doe; weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit

Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome sir Diomed, here is the Lady

Which for Antenor, we deliuer you.

At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,

And by the way possesse thee what she is.

Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,

If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Illion?

rem

remDiom.

Faire Lady Cressid,

So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,

Pleades your faire visage, and to Diomed

You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.

rem

remTroy.

*Grecian, thou do'st not use me curteously,
To shame the seale of my petition towards,
I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her seruant:
I charge thee use her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull Pluto, if thou do'st not,
(Though the great bulke Achilles be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throate.*

rem

remDiom.

*Oh be not mou'd Prince Troylus;
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.*

rem

remTroy.

*Come to the Port. Ile tell thee Diomed,
This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.*

Sound Trumpet.

rem

remPar.

Harke, Hectors Trumpet.

rem

remne.

*How haue we spent this morning
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,
That swore to ride before him in the field.*

rem

remPar.

'Tis Troylus fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

rem

remDio.

Let vs make ready straight.

rem

remne.

Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie

Let vs addresse to tend on Hectors heeles:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lye

On his faire worth, and single Chiualrie.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor,
Calcas, &c.*

rem

remAga.

Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,

Anticipating time. With starting courage,

Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy

Thou dreadfull Ajax, that the appauled aire

May pierce the head of the great Combatant,

And hale him hither.

rem

remAia.

Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse;

Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:

Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke

Outswell the collicke of puft Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:

Thou blowest for Hector.

rem

remVlis.

No Trumpet answers,

rem

remAchil.

'Tis but early dayes.

rem

remAga.

Is not yong Diomed with Calcas daughter?

rem

remVlis.

Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

rem

remAga.

Is this the Lady Cressid?

rem

remDio.

Euen she.

rem

remAga.

Most deerey welcome to the Greekes, sweete Lady.

rem

remNest.

Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

rem

remUlis.

Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere better she were kist in generall.

rem

remNest.

And very courtly counsel: Ile begin. So much for Nestor.

rem

remAchil.

Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady

Achilles bids you welcome.

rem

remMene.

I had good argument for kissing once.

rem

remPatro.

But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus pop't Paris in his hardiment.

rem

remVlis.

Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,

For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.

rem

remPatro.

The first was Menelaus kisse, this mine:

Patrochus kisses you.

rem

remMene.

Oh this is trim.

rem

remPatr.

Paris and I kisse euermore for him.

rem

remMene.

Ile haue my kisse sir: Lady by your leaue.

rem

remCres.

In kissing doe you render, or receiue.

rem

remPatr.

Both take and giue.

rem

remCres.

Ile make my match to liue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no kisse.

rem

remMene.

Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.

rem

remCres.

You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.

rem

remMene.

An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.

rem

remCres.

No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,

That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

rem

remMene.

You fillip me a'th'head.

rem

remCres.

No, Ile be sworne.

rem

remVlis.

It were no match, your naile against his horne:

May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

rem

remCres.

You may.

rem

remUlis.

I doe desire it.

rem

remCres.

Why begge then?

rem

remVlis.

Why then for Venus sake, giue me a kisse:

When Hellen is a maide againe, and his

rem

remCres.

I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

rem

remVlis.

Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.

rem

remDiom.

Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.

rem

remNest.

A woman of quicke sence.

rem

remVlis.

Fie, fie, vpon her:

Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;

Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out

At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:

Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,

That giue a coasting welcome ete ere it comes;

And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts,

To euery tickling reader: set them downe,

For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;

And daughters of the game.

Exennt Exeunt .

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, neas Helenus and Attendants. Florish.

rem

remAll.

The Troians Trumpet.

rem

remAga.

Yonder comes the troope.

rem

remne.

Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done

To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,

A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights

Shall to the edge of all extremitie

Pursue each other; or shall be diuided

By any voyce, or order of the field: Hector bad aske?

rem

remAga.

Which way would Hector haue it?

rem

remne.

He cares not, heele obey conditions.

rem

remAga.

*'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale disprising
The Knight oppos'd.*

rem

remne.

If not Achilles sir, what is your name?

rem

remAchil.

If not Achilles, nothing.

rem

remne.

*Therefore Achilles: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themselues in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:
This Ajax is halfe made of Hectors bloud;
In loue whereof, halfe Hector staies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe Hector, comes to seeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.*

rem

remAchil.

A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.

rem

remAga.

*Here is sir, Diomed: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord neas
Consent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermost,
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.*

rem

remVlis.

They are oppos'd already.

rem

remAga.

What Troian is that same that lookes so heauy?

rem

remVlis.

*The yongest Sonne of Priam;
A true Knight; they call him Troylus;
Not yet mature, yet m1tchlesse, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;
Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.
They call him Troylus; and on him erect,
A second hope, as fairely built as Hector.
Thus saies neas one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.*

Alarum.

rem

remAga.

They are in action.

rem

remNest.

Now Ajax hold thine owne.

rem

remTroy.

Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

rem

remAga.

His blowes are wel dispos'd there Ajax.

trumpets⁹ cease.

rem

remDiom.

You must no more.

rem

remne.

Princes enough, so please you.

rem

remAia.

I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

rem

⁹trpets

remDiom.

As Hector pleases.

rem

remHect.

Why then will I no more:

*Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;
A cousen german to great Priams seede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers: by Ioue multipotent,
Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrd'st borrowd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee Aiax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.*

rem

remAia.

I thanke thee Hector:

*Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.*

rem

remHect.

Not Neoptolymus so mirable,

*On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from Hector.*

rem

remne.

There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will doe?

rem

remHect.

Weele answer it:

The issue is embracement: Aiax, farewell.

rem

remAia.

If I might in entreaties finde successe,

As seld I haue the chance; I would desire

My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

rem

remDiom.

Tis Agamemnons wish and great Achilles

Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant Hector.

rem

remHect.

neas call my brother Troylus to me:

And signifie this louing enterview

To the expecters of our Troian part:

Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:

I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

rem

remAia.

Great Agamemnon comes to meete vs here;

rem

remHect.

The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:

But for Achilles, mine owne serching eyes

Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

rem

remAga.

Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such anemie.

But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes

And formelesse ruine of obliuion:

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:

Bids thee with most diuine integritie,

From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome.

rem

remHect.

I thanke thee most imperious Agamemnon.

rem

remAga.

My wellfam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.

rem

remMen.

Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,

You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

rem

remHect.

Who must we answer?

rem

remne.

The Noble Menelaus.

rem

remHect.

O you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlet thanks,

Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,

Your quondam wife sweares still by Venus Gloue

Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

rem

remMen.

Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.

rem

remHect.

O pardon, I offend.

rem

remNest.

I haue (thou gallant Trojan) seene thee oft

Labouring for destiny, make cruell way

Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee

As hot as Perseus, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,

And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,

When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,

Not letting it decline, on the declined:

That I haue said vnto my standers by,

Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.

And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I seene,

But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)

I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,

And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,

But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,

Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,

And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

rem
remne.

'Tis the old Nestor.

rem
remHect.

Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time;
Most reuerend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee.

rem
remNe.

I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

rem
remHect.

I would they could.

rem
remNest.

Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I
haue seen the time.

rem
remVlys.

I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.

rem
remHect.

I know your fauour Lord Vlysses well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe, and Diomed
In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.

rem
remVlys.

Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Townc Towne ,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feet.

rem
remHect.

I must not beleeeue you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

rem

remVlys.

So to him we leaue it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector welcome;

After the Generall, I beseech you next

To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

rem

remAchil.

I shall forestall thee Lord Vlysses, thou:

Now Hector I haue fed mine eyes on thee,

I haue with exact view perus'd, thee Hector,

And quoted ioynt by ioynt.

rem

remHect.

Is this Achilles?

rem

remAchil.

I am Achilles.

rem

remHect.

Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

rem

remAchil.

Behold thy fill.

rem

remHect.

Nay, I haue done already.

rem

remAchil.

Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.

rem

remHect.

O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:

But there's more in me then thou understand'st.

Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

rem

remAchil.

Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,

That I may giue the locall wound a name,

And make distinct the very breach, whereout

Hectors great spirit fl1w. Answer me heauens.

rem

remHect.

*It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand againe;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?*

rem

remAchil.

I tell thee yea.

rem

remHect.

*Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match these words,
Or may I neuer*

rem

remAjax.

*Do not chase thee Cosin;
And you Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of Hector
If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.*

rem

remHect.

*I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.*

rem

remAchil.

Dost thou intreat me Hector?

*To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.*

rem

remHect.

Thy hand vpon that match.

rem

remAga.

*First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
 There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
 As Hectors leysure, and your bounties shall
 Concurr together seuerally intreat him.
 Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
 That this great Souldier may his welcome know.*

Exeunt

rem

remTroy.

*My Lord Vlysses, tell me I beseech you,
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keepe?
 rem
 remVlys.*

*At Menelaus Tent, most Princely Troylus,
 There Diomed doth feast with him to night,
 Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
 But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the faire Cressid.*

rem

remTroy.

*Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
 After we part from Agamemnons Tent,
 To bring me thither?*

rem

remVlys.

*You shall command me sir:
 As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
 This Cressida in Troy, had she no Louer there
 That wailes her absence?*

rem

remTroy.

*O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
 A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
 She was belou'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;
 But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth.*

Exeunt.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

rem

remAchil.

*Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
 Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
 Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.*

rem

remPat.

Heere comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

rem

remAchil.

How now, thou core of Enuy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

rem

remTher.

Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll of Ideotworshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

rem

remAchil.

From whence, Fragment?

rem

remTher.

Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

rem

remPat.

Who keepes the Tent now?

rem

remTher.

The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

rem

remPatr.

Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?

rem

remTher.

Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

rem

remPatro.

Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

rem

remTher.

Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, gutsgriping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discoveries.

rem

remPat.

Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

rem

remTher.

Do I curse thee?

rem

remPatr.

Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable Curre.

rem

remTher.

No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou; Ah how the poore world is pestred with such waterflies, diminutiues of Nature.

rem

remPat.

Out gall.

rem

remTher.

Finch Egge.

rem

remAch.

My sweet Patroclus, am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:

Heere is a Letter from Queene Hecuba,

A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe

An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,

Fall Greekes faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,

My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:

Come, come Thersites, helpe to trim my Tent,

This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away Patroclus.

Exit.

rem

remTher.

With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen, Heere's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues Quailes, but he has net so much Braine as earewax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty shoo-inghorne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites: for I care not to bee the louse of a Lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoyday, spirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vlysses Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.

rem

remAga.

We go wrong, we go wrong.

rem

remAiax.

No yonder'tis, there where we see the light,

rem

remHect.

I trouble you.

rem

remAiax.

No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

rem

remVlys.

Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

rem

remAchil.

Welcome braue Hector, welcome Princes all.

rem

remAgam.

So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.

rem

remHect.

Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

rem

remMen.

Goodnight my Lord.

rem

remHect.

Goodnight sweet lord Menelaus.

rem

remTher.

Sweet draught: sweet quotha? sweet sinke, sweet sure.

rem

remAchil.

Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those I that go, or tarry.

rem

remAga.

Goodnight.

rem

remAchil.

Old Nestor tarries, and you too Diomed,

Keepe Hector company an houre, or two.

rem

remDio.

*I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hector.*

rem

remHect.

Giue me your hand.

rem

remVlys.

Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalcas Tent, lie keepe you company.

rem

remTroy.

Sweet sir, you honour me.

rem

remHect.

And so good night.

rem

remAchil.

Come, come, enter my Tent.

Exeunt.

rem

remTher.

That same Diomed's a falsehearted Rogue, a most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when Diomed keepes his word. I will rather leaue to see Hector, then not to dogge him: they say, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vfes the Traitour Chalcas his Tent. Ile after Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets.

Exeunt.

Enter Diomed.

rem

remDio.

What are you vp here ho? speake?

rem

remChal.

Who cals?

rem

remDio.

Diomed, Chalcas (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

rem

remChal.

She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vlisses.

rem

remVlis.

Stand where the Torch may not discover vs.

Enter Cressid.

rem

remTroy.

Cressid comes forth to him.

rem

remDio.

How now my charge?

rem

remCres.

Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

rem

remTroy.

Yea, so familiar?

rem

remVlis.

She will sing any man at first sight.

rem

remTher.

And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: she's noted.

rem

remDio.

Will you remember?

rem

remCal.

Remember? yes.

rem

remDio.

Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

rem

remTroy.

What should she remember?

rem

remVlis.

List?

rem

remCres.

Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

rem

remTher.

Roguery.

rem

remDio.

Nay then.

rem

remCres.

Ile tell you what.

rem

remDio.

Fo, fo, come tell a pin. You are a forsworne.

rem

remCres.

In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

rem

remTher.

A iugling tricke, to be secretly open.

rem

remDio.

What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

rem

remCres.

I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

rem

remDio.

Good night.

rem

remTroy.

Hold, patience.

rem

remUlis.

How now Troian?

rem

remCres.

Diomed.

rem

remDio.

No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

rem

remTroy.

Thy better must.

rem

remCres.

Harke one word in your eare.

rem

remTroy.

O plague and madnesse!

rem

remVlis.

You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: 1 beseech you goe.

rem

remTroy.

Behold, I pray you.

rem

remVlis.

Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

rem

remTroy.

I pray thee stay?

rem

remVlis.

You haue not patience, come.

rem

remTroy.

I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments, I will not speake a word.

rem

remDio.

And so good night.

rem

remCres.

Nay, but you part in anger.

rem

remTroy.

Doth thiat grieue thee? O withered truth!

rem

remUlis.

Why, how now Lord?

rem

remTroy.

By Ioue I will be patient.

rem

remCres.

Gardian? why Greeke ?

rem

remDio.

Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

rem

remCres.

In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

rem

remVlis.

You shake my Lord at something; will you goe? you will breake out.

rem

remTroy.

She stroakes his cheeke.

rem

remVlis.

Come, come,

rem

remTroy.

Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.

There is betweene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

rem

remTher.

*How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles these together;
frye lechery, frye.*

rem

remDio.

But will you then?

rem

remCres.

In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

rem

remDio.

Giue me some token for the surety of it.

rem

remCres.

Ile fetch you one.

Exit.

rem

remVlis.

You haue sworne patience.

rem

remTroy.

Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition

Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Enter Cressid.

rem

remTher.

Now the pledge, now, now, now.

rem

remCres.

Here Diomed, keepe this Sleeue.

rem

remTroy.

O beautie! where is thy Faith?

rem

remVlis.

My Lord.

rem

remTroy.

I will be patient, outwardly I will.

rem

remCres.

You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:

He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe,

rem

remDio.

Whose was't?

rem

remCres.

It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prythee Diomed visite me no more.

rem

remTher.

Now, she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

rem

remDio.

I shall haue it.

rem

remCres.

What, this?

rem

remDio.

I that.

rem

remCres.

O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,

And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;

As I kisse thee.

rem

remDio.

Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

rem

remCres.

He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

rem

remDio.

I had your heart before, this followes it.

rem

remTroy.

I did sweare patience.

rem

remCres.

You shall not haue it Diomed; faith you shall not:

Ile giue you something else.

rem

remDio.

I will haue this: whose was it?

rem

remCres.

It is no matter.

rem

remDio.

Come tell me whose it was?

rem

remCres.

'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.

But now you haue it, take it.

rem

remDio.

Whose was it?

rem

remCres.

By all Dianas waiting women yond:

And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

rem

remDio.

To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,

And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

rem

remTroy.

Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,

It should be challeng'd.

rem

remCres.

Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:

I will not keepe my word.

rem

remDio.

Why then farewell,

Thou neuer shalt mocke Diomed againe.

rem

remCres.

*You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it strait starts you.*

rem

remDio.

I doe not like this fooling.

rem

remTher.

Nor I by Pluto; but that that likes not me, pleases me best.

rem

remDio.

What shall I come? the houre.

rem

remCres.

I, come: O Ioue! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

rem

remDio.

Farewell till then.

Exit.

rem

remCres.

Good night: I prythee come:

Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;

But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.

Ah poore our sexe this fault in vs I finde:

The errour of our eye, directs our minde.

What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,

Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Exit.

rem

remTher.

A prooffe of strength she could not publish more;

Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

rem

remVlis.

Al's done my Lord.

rem

remTroy.

It is.

rem

remVlis.

Why stay we then?

rem

remTroy.

*To make a recordation to my soule
 Of euery syllable that here was spoke:
 But if I tell how these two did coact
 Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,
 Created onely to calumniate.
 Was Cressed here?*

rem

remVlis.

I cannot coniure Troian.

rem

remTroy.

She was not sure.

rem

remVlis.

Most sure she was.

rem

remTroy.

Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?

rem

remVlis.

Nor mine my Lord: Cressid was here but now.

rem

remTroy.

Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:

Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage

To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame

For deprauation, to square the generall sex

By Cressids rule. Rather thinke this not Cressid.

rem

remVlis.

What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our mothers ?

rem

remTroy.

Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.

rem

remTher.

Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

rem

remTroy.

This she? no, this is Diomids Cressida:

*If beautie haue a soule, this is not she:
 If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;
 If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
 If there be rule in vnitie it selfe,
 This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!
 That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe
 By soule authoritie: where reason can reuolt
 Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
 Without reuolt. This is, and is not Cressid:
 Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,
 Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
 And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,
 Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
 As Ariachnes broken woofe to enter:
 Instance, O instance! strong as Plutoes gates:
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
 Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:
 The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolu'd, and loos'd,
 And with another knot fue finger tied,
 The fractions of her faith, ort s of her loue:
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
 Of her ore eaten faith, are bound to Diomed*

rem

rem Vlis.

*May worthy Troylus be halfe attached
 With that which here his passion doth expresse?*

rem

rem Troy.

*I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well
 In Characters, as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: neuer did yong man fancy
 With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.
 Harke Greek: as much I doe Cressida loue;
 So much by weight, hate I her Diomed,
 That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
 Were it a Caske compos'd by Vulcans skill,
 My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful spout,
 Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
 Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,*

*Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on Diomed.*

rem

remTher.

Heele tickle it for his concupie.

rem

remTroy.

*O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false:
Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.*

rem

remVlis.

*O containe your selfe:
Your passion drawes eares hither.*

Enter neas

rem

remne.

*I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.*

rem

remTroy.

*Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and Diomed
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.*

rem

remVli.

Ile bring you to the Gates.

rem

remTroy.

Accept distracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, neas, and Ulisses.

rem

remTher.

*Would I could meete that roague Diomed, I would croke like a Rauē: I would bode,
I would bode: Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the
Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery,
lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning diuell take
them.*

Enter Hecter and Andromache.

rem

remAnd.

*When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,
To stop his eares against admonishment ?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight today,*

rem

remHect.

*You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.*

rem

remAnd.

My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.

rem

remHect.

No more I say.

Enter Cassandra.

rem

remCassa.

Where is my brother Hector?

rem

remAnd.

Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:

*Consort with me in loud and deere petition:
pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt
of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.*

rem

remCass.

O, 'tistrue.

rem

remHect.

Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

rem

remCass.

No notes of sallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.

rem

remHect.

Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.

rem

remCass.

*The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish voves;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.*

rem

remAnd.

O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,

*To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the be halfe of charitie.*

rem

remCass.

*It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;
But vowe to euery purpose must not hold:
Vnatme Vnarme sweete Hector.*

rem

remHect.

*Hold you still I say;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.*

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?

rem

remAnd.

Cassandra, call my father to perswade.

Exit Cassandra.

rem

remHect.

*No faith yong Troylus; doffe thy harnessse youth:
I am to day ith'vaine of Chiualrie:
Let grow thy Sineus till their knots be strong;
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.*

rem

remTroy.

*Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.*

rem

remHect.

What vice is that? good Troylus chide me for it.

rem

remTroy.

*When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword;
You bid them rise, and liue.*

rem

remHect.

O 'tis faire play.

rem

remTroy.

Fooles play, by heauen Hector.

rem

remHect.

How now? how now?

rem

remTroy.

For th'loue of all the gods

Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;

And when we haue our Armors buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,

Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

rem

remHect.

Fie sauage, fie.

rem

remTroy.

Hector, then 'tis warres.

rem

remHect.

Troylus, I would not haue you fight to day.

rem

remTroy.

Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,

Beckning with fierie truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees;

Their eyes oregalled with recourse of teares;

Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way;

But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

rem

remCass.

Lay hold vpon him Priam, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

rem

remPriam.

Come Hector, come, goe backe:

Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,

Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,

to tell thee that this day is ominous:

Therefore come backe.

rem

remHect.

neas is a field,

And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,

Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare

This morning to them.

rem

remPriam.

I, but thou shalt not goe,

rem

remHect.

I must not breake my faith:

You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,

Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue

To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you doe here forbid me, Royall Priam.

rem

remCass.

O Priam, yeeld not to him.

rem

remAnd.

Doe not deere father.

rem

remHect.

Andromache I am offended with you:

Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache

rem

remTroy.

This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,

Makes all these bodements.

rem

remCass.

O farewell, deere Hector:

Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:

Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:

Harke how Troy roares; how Hecuba cries out;

*How poore Andromache shrils her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry Hector, Hectors dead: O Hector!*

rem

remTroy.

Away, away.

rem

remCas.

Farewell: yes, soft: Hector I take my leaue;

Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue.

Exit.

rem

remHect.

You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:

Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:

Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

rem

remPriam.

Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about thee.

Alarum.

rem

remTroy.

They are at it, harke: proud Diomed, beleeeue

I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.

rem

remPand.

Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

rem

remTroy.

What now?

rem

remPand.

Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

rem

remTroy.

Let me reade.

rem

remPand.

A whorson tисicke, a whorson rascally tисicke, so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse a man were curst, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee there?

rem

remTroy.

Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;

Th'effect doth operate another way.

Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My loue with words and errors still she feedes;

But edifies another with her deedes.

rem

remPand.

Why, but heare you?

rem

remTroy.

Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame

Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A Larum Alarum .

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites in excursion.

rem

remTher.

Now they are clapperclawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet. Diomedes, has got that same scurvie, dotting, foolish yong knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine see them meet; that, that same yong Troian asse, that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremaisterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the dissembling luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant. O'th'tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole old Mouseeaten dry cheese, Nestor: and that same dogfoxe Vlisses is not prou'd worth a Blackberry. They set me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre Ajax against that dogge of as bad a kinde, Achilles. And now is the curre Ajax prouder then the curre Achilles, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.

rem

remTroy.

Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuer Stix,

I would swim after.

rem

remDiom.

Thou do'st miscall retire:

I doe not flye; but aduantageous care

Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:

Haue at thee?

rem

remTher.

Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore

Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Hector.

rem

remHect.

What art thou Greek? art thou for Hectors match?

Art thou of bloud, and honour?

rem

remTher.

No, no: I am a rascall: a scuruie railing knaue: a very filthy roague.

rem

remHect.

I doe beleue thee, liue.

rem

remTher.

God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a plague breake thy neckefor frightening me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracleyet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe; Ile seeke them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

rem

remDio.

Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou Troylus Horse;

Present the faire steede to my Lady Cressid:

Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;

Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous Trojan.

And am her Knight by prooffe.

rem

remSer.

I goe my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

rem

remAga.

Renew, renew, the fierce Polidamus

Hath beate downe Menon: bastard Margarelon

Hath Doreus prisoner.

And stands Calossuswife waving his beame,

Vpon the pashed courses of the Kings:

Epistropus and Cedus, Polixines is slaine;

Amphimacusand Thous deadly hurt;

Patroclus tane or slaine, and Palamedes

*Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appauls our numbers, haste we Diomed
To reenforcement, or we perish all.*

Enter Nestor.

rem

remNest.

*Coe Goe beare Patroclus body to Achilles,
And bid the snailepac'd Aiax arme for shame:
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his Horse,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,
Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie so obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.*

Enter Vlisses.

rem

remVlis.

*Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing. vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on Hector. Aiax hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for Troylus; who bath done to day,
Mad and fantasticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe.
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.*

Enter Aiax.

rem

remAia.

Troilus, thou coward Troilus

Exit.

rem

remDio.

I, there, there.

rem

remNest.

So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

rem

remAchil.

Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boyqueller, shew thy face:

Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.

Hector, wher's Hector? I will none but Hector.

Exit.

Enter Aiax.

rem

remAia.

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

rem

remDiom.

Troilus, I say, wher's Troilus?

rem

remAia.

What would'st thou?

rem

remDiom.

I would correct him.

rem

remAia.

Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st haue my office,

Ere that correction: Troilus I say, what Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

rem

remTroy.

Oh traitour Diomed!
Turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

rem

remDio.

Ha, art thou there?

rem

remAia.

Ile fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

rem

remDio.

He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

rem

remTroy.

Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both.

Exit Troylus.

Enter Hector.

rem

remHect.

Yea Troylus? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

rem

remAchil.

Now doe I see thee; haue at thee Hector.

rem

remHect.

Pause if thou wilt.

rem

remAchil.

I doe disdain thy curtesie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Exit.

rem

remHect.

Fare thee well:

I would haue beene much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

rem

remTroy.

Aiax bath tane neas; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,

He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Exit

Enter one in Armour.

rem

remHect.

Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

Ile frush it, and vnlocke the riuets all,

But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?

Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

rem

remAchil.

Come here about me you my Myrmidons:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;

And when I haue the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In fellest manner execute your arme.

Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, Hector the great must dye.

Exit.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

rem

remTher.

The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe; now my double hen'd sparrow; lowe Paris, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

rem

remBast.

Turne slaue and fight.

rem

remTher.

What are thou?

rem

remBast.

A Bastard Sonne of Priams.

rem

remTher.

I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take heede, the quarrel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell Bastard.

rem

remBast.

The diuell take thee coward.

Exeunt.

Enter Hector.

rem

remHect.

Most putrified core so faire without:

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:

Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

rem

remAchil.

Looke Hector how the Sunne begins to set;

How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,

Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.

To close the day vp, Hectors life is done.

rem

remHect.

I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

rem

remAchil.

Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.

So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slaine.

Retreat.

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

rem

remGree.

The Troian Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

rem

remAchi.

The dragon wing of night orespreds the earth

And sticklerlike the Armies seperates

My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;

Along the field, I will the Troian traile.

Exeunt.

Sound Retreat.

Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomed, and the rest marching.

rem

remAga.

Harke, harke. what shout is that?

rem

remNest.

Peace Drums.

rem

remSold.

Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.

rem

remDio.

The brute is, Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.

rem

remAia.

If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

rem

remAgam.

March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see vs at our Tent.

If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exeumt.

Enter neas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphbus.

rem

remne.

Stand hoe, yet are we masters of the field,

Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

rem

remTroy.

Hector is slaine.

rem

remAll.

Hector? the gods forbid.

rem

remTroy.

Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile

In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.

Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:

Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.

I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

rem

remne.

My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

rem

remTroy

You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:

I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men,

Adresse their dangers in. Hector is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,

Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:

*There is a word will Priam turne to stone;
 Make wels, and Niobes of the maides and wiues;
 Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,
 Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
 Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
 Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plaines:
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:
 No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
 Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.
 Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
 Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.*

Enter Pandarus.

*rem
 remPand.
 But heare you? heare you?
 rem
 remTroy.
 Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
 Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.*

Exeunt.

*rem
 remPan.
 A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore
 agent dispisde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and how
 ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd, and the performance so loath'd?
 What Verse for it? What instance for it? let me see.
 Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.
 And being once subdu'd in armed taile,
 Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;
 As many as be here of Panders hall,
 Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at Pandar's fall:
 Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;
 Though not for me yet for your aking bones:
 Brethren and sisters of the holddore trade,
 Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:*

*It should be now, but that my feare is this;
Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse:
Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases;
And at that time bequeath yon my diseases.*

FINIS.

Exeunt.